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BAB IN WASHINGTON.

SHE LIKES THE STREETS AND THE DARKIES AND IS HAPPY.

The Woman on a Bicycle, However, She Does Not Like—A Symphony in Pale Blue—A Word for the Darkies of Washington—Bab Would Like to Own a Colored Baby—The Pavements of the Capital.

Correspondence of THE SUNDAY HERALD.

New York, July 17.—Did you ever travel on a railroad pass? I did once, and although other railroads may say to me, "Come to us at reduced prices," do you know I am quite honest and honorable enough to keep on paying my fare on the railroad that once gave me a pass.

At this time of the year I am always honest, and I may as well tell the truth—the pass was not meant for me, it was for somebody else; but that somebody else having a pocket full of passes, said, "Why pay?" and I said because I can't get out of it; and this pass was hurled at me, and I rode ninety miles for nothing, and I felt as if I owned the road, as if I were director and president and all the vices that are included in that; and the consequence is, when I am going any place, even if the other road is nearer, I still go on the road on which I once had a pass, and pay my way in the brightest and most shining ducats you ever saw. I think the difference between getting a pass for the theatre and a pass for a railroad is that after you once have had a pass to the theatre you never want to pay, and after you once have had a pass over the railroad you always want to stick to that road because you feel it has been extra civil to you, while the theatre has only done its duty. Funny, isn't it?

THE WOMAN ON A BICYCLE.

I think the most vicious thing I ever saw in all my life is a woman on a bicycle—and Washington is full of them. I had thought that cigarette smoking was the worst thing a woman could do, but I have changed my mind. I don't know why I think it is vicious—it is just one of those queer things that I cannot explain—but if I had a boy who was going to be married, and he came to me and said, "Mother, she is the nicest girl in the world and she rides a bicycle with me," I should say, "I forbid the bans," and I should get up in church and do it, and I would be the worst mother-in-law that ever lived until the bicycle was broken. You don't like it, my friend, any more than I do. It may seem to you jaunty, it may look to you charming, coquettish, but I doubt it. But how would you like to see your mother ride a bicycle? Or how would you like to see your grandmother ride a bicycle? Don't you think it is just making her a little less girl if she is young enough to be called Minnie? Don't you think it is making her a little less sweet if she is called Lily? And don't you think it is taking away a bit from her dignity if you call her Dorothy; I know you do. You can imagine a girl who for fun you call Jack, or Tom, or Dick, on a bicycle, but not a woman you would want to kneel down before and say, "Bless me before I go out into the world." You can ask that of a woman who has committed a woman's follies, but you cannot ask it of the woman whom you have seen in a divided skirt on a bicycle, oh, no! Of course, this is just what you and I think; but, after all, what you and I think, and what some other man's wife thinks, and what some other woman's husband thinks, and what all the rest think, is what, after all, decides what is right and wrong in the world.

DRESSES AFTER THE FLOWERS.

The latest fad among the smart women is to dress after a flower—it seems to you an easy something. That is because you are a man—it is because of your experience in trousers, waistcoats, blazers, and white shirt fronts. Now, dressing after a flower, means having your underwear match it, having your gown the same hue, having your bonnet trimmed with the flowers, using always the same flower and having your parasol in harmony, and slippers that are at least near. If they are not the exact color, I know two women who have gone in for it. One has made up her mind that she will dress always as a violet, "always," meaning for the summer time, and the other as a forget-me-not. They are intimate friends and drive together, and the pale blue and the pale mauve make the latest French contrast. The violet young woman has chiffon, China silk, or crepe gown or pale violet, trimmed with white or black lace, as she may fancy, a little coronet bonnet made of violets, with a star just in front, that is of jet, that sparkles almost like black diamonds. Her parasol is pale violet silk, with white point lace butterflies on it. Her gloves are violet undressed kid and her shoes are of violet undressed kid, and she wears pale violet silk stockings. For underwear she has violet silk vests, violet brocade corsets, and a petticoat of white linen lawn, tied with violet ribbons. The perfume she uses is that wondrous one which smells like real violets, not hot-house violets, but those that have come from the woods and filled the air with an odor that is as bluish as it is indescribable.

A SYMPHONY IN PALE BLUE.

The Pythias to this Damon is gowned always in pale blue. She wears gray silk stockings, gray undressed kid slippers, white lawn petticoat tied back with blue ribbons, blue silk vest and blue brocade stays. Her bonnet is as demure as only a forget-me-not can be. It is a little close-fitting one of chip, like that favored by the Princess of Wales, and has forget-me-nots just in front, while the gloves are of white undressed kid and the parasol of white crepe. None of their adherents send them anything but forget-me-nots or violets. Orchids are cast aside in disdain, roses are nowhere, and each woman feels that unless she can live in harmony with her flower life is absolutely not worth the trouble. To my way of thinking, the young woman who selects a

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THE LITTLE JOKER.

The Diverting Game of "Now You Don't See It and Now You Do," as Played by the District Commissioners in the Affairs of the Health Office.

THE CATERPILLAR PEST.

Householders Should Fight the Worms on Their Own Premises.

Last summer was an off season for caterpillars in this city, very few comparatively having put in an appearance. This year their name is legion, and they are a source of much discomfort to those who take a seat in the parks during the heat of the day. A spot where they are particularly annoying is at the transfer shelter at Seventh street and the Avenue, many funny scenes occurring there when they intrude their unwelcome presence on the persons of nervous ladies. Strange to say, although present in such vast numbers all over the city, the foliage of the trees has not suffered from the worms to any appreciable extent. Usually the caterpillars when out in force cause the trees to look as if they had been scorched by fire.

The old wooden treesheds used to be the favorite places of the pests for spinning their cocoons, and when these were abolished years ago, and wire netting substituted, it was thought the number of the worms would be largely cut down, and so it was, but the caterpillars like, all other living things, soon accommodated themselves to their environment, and now they make use of the netting almost to the same extent that they did the old boxes. The Park Commission is doing all it can to destroy the cocoons, each of which contains from twenty to fifty or even more young and healthy worms, but it is a big job to lessen the number, and householders would do well to aid the work and give a little time to destroying every cocoon they can find about their premises.

Unveiling of Stonewall Jackson Statue.

The unveiling of the Jackson statue at Lexington, Va., on July 21, promises to be a grand occasion. The society of the army and navy of the Confederate States in Maryland have accepted the invitation of the committee of arrangements to be present and they will attend in a body. All Confederate soldiers in Maryland and the District of Columbia, whether members of the society or not, are earnestly invited to travel with them and join in the parade at Lexington. The memorial meeting will be presided over by General Wade Hampton, and General Jubal A. Early will deliver the oration on the "Military Achievements and Character of Lee's Great Lieutenant." A special train will leave Camden station in Baltimore, Monday, July 20, at 9 p. m., returning to Baltimore at 7 a. m. Wednesday morning. Round trip tickets \$6.00.

To-Kalon wines shipped to your summer homes. For sale at 614 Fourteenth street.

THE "GOVERNORS" STAG.

The Officers of Our Local Boat Clubs Enjoy Themselves.

One of the prettiest sights witnessed on the Potomac river in a number of years took place on Monday afternoon last, and the event will probably have much to do in shaping the future course of our boating clubs. The governors of the Potomac Athletic Club extended an invitation to the officers of the Columbia Club and the Annapolis Boat Club, to become their guests at a "stag." At 7 o'clock the Annapolis barge pulled up in front of the Potomac house, gave the aquatic salute of "toss oars," then joined by the Potomac crew they pulled up to the Columbia house, where the same programme was carried out. After saluting, the three ten-oared barges, manned by the officers and picked men of the clubs started up stream abreast of each other. The sight was a pretty one for the hundreds of members on shore who were watching the interesting affair.

The three craft continued in this position all the way up to Potomac Landing, receiving constant salutes from passing steamers, and other pleasure craft aloft. The beautiful landing of the Potomac Club, the most romantic spot on the river, was aglow with bonfires and other lights, while Chinese lanterns were hung along the stairway of rocks to the pavilion on the hill. The best of feeling was engendered by the gathering and toasts were drunk pledging the bond of friendship. The Columbia Athletic Glee Club sang several of their best selections. The leading one, "My Girl," improvised to include the names of the officers of the clubs present, being the most catchy. Colonel John A. Joyce added to the music, as also did Mr. James G. Traylor.

Among those present were Messrs. William and Harry McKenney, Colonel Flowers, W. A. Perkins, L. A. Fischer, L. A. Christmas, J. A. Robertson, Richard Pairo, William Boardman, Captain Rice, and Messrs. Edwards, of the Annapolis Club; President Hood, Vice President Grant, Hon. Mills Dean, Captain W. H. Gibson, Carter Marbury, Fred Thompson, G. A. Colegate, G. A. Hubbell, Fred Moses, Bobby Elder, J. S. Zeidler, Eugene Johnson, Frank McDermott, A. A. Birney, William Dove, Dr. Ward, James Edwards, Mr. Woodward, Will Hibbs, and Mr. Lewis, of the Columbia Athletics; President Fague and Messrs. Captain Zappone, J. G. Traylor, O. P. Schmidt, C. G. Warden, J. S. McCoy, W. H. E. Merritt, Walter Humphrey, Harry Rohrer, John Hadley Doyle, Charles Young, U. S. Routlette, J. H. Horah, F. I. Blair, A. B. Trescott, and Frank Oliver, of the Potomacs. The "stag" returned to the clubhouse at 12 o'clock, thoroughly pleased with the affair.

The Bellvue Dairy Farm's bottled milk is pronounced "The Best."

After the Bicyclers.

"Bicyclers seem to get more and more reckless here," said Justice Walter. "Very recently four or five persons have been reported as knocked down and hurt, and one killed by careless bicyclers. To hear some of these fellows yell, 'get out of the way' to pedestrians crossing the streets is refreshing. Why do they not turn out of the way themselves. Bicycles are in the same category with vehicles. It has been so decided in the courts. The riders are entitled to their privileges, but when injuries result to persons from sheer carelessness on the part of the wheelmen, the latter should be held to a strict legal (or criminal as the case may be) accountability. Not very long ago several reckless drivers were sent to the penitentiary for running over people, and other cases are pending in court. The same laws are applicable where parties are maimed or killed by reckless bicyclers and they should bear this fact in mind."

Indexing District Records.

The last District Appropriation bill contained a clause setting apart the sum of \$1,500 to be utilized for the purpose of indexing and arranging the old records of the District government. The manner in which this money should be expended was left to the direction of the Commissioners. It has been finally decided that the most satisfactory plan of accomplishing this work is by the employment of two clerks, to receive an annual salary of \$600. In order that the work may be begun at once, the Commissioners yesterday appointed Messrs. W. S. Matthews and Robert Garnett to take charge of it. This is an important duty that will take some time to complete.

Getting the Cabbies Out of the Sun.

Some time ago the residents in the neighborhood of Dupont Circle wrote to the Commissioners requesting that the cab drivers who occupy the stand on the east side of Dupont Circle be allowed to move to another location during the day where there is shade, as the present is exposed to the sun the entire day. The Commissioners issued an order yesterday complying with the request and designating the north side of P street just east of Dupont Circle as a cab stand during the months of July, August, and September, between the hours of 7 a. m. and 4 p. m.

Passengers to Atlantic City

By special fast express from Baltimore and Ohio station at 4 p. m., Saturday, July 25, will not spend the night on the cars, but at the seashore. Special train will leave Atlantic City at 6 p. m., Sunday, but tickets will also be good on all regular trains returning Monday. Round trip, \$3.50.

HIS SOUL IN HIS FIDDLE.

A TALK WITH SIGNOR VITALE ABOUT THE SECRETS OF HIS ART.

How He Made an Audience Weep by Playing "Rock of Ages"—His Pleasant Recollections of His Great Master, Ole Bull.

Signor Vitale has become a great favorite at Glen Echo, where his violin playing has been one of the most delightful features of the entertainments. In appearance Vitale is of the pure Italian type. His hair is coal black, his eyes large and full. His skin is fair and as he plays with drooping lids the pink color comes and goes in his cheeks. His genius for expression on the violin is wonderfully delicate. His playing is the very essence of refined musical effects. He makes his instrument utter every emotion. A more modest and unassuming musician never appeared before the public. He was a pupil of Ole Bull and a true son of genius who is worthy of comparison with his distinguished master. When Ole Bull first heard him in concert at Hartford, Conn., he invited the confidence of the then boy of fifteen, and offered to be his teacher, seeing what possibilities there were in Vitale's style, so like his own, a gift for interpretation. It was early in the morning, before the dew was off the grass, that a HERALD reporter found Vitale in the Amphitheatre listening to the concert of Rogers' band. "Signor, will you tell me what made you the kind of musical interpreter that you are?" was the first question of the searcher after the central fires of this musician's genius. You have hit upon the very word, said he, "that fits me. I am just and above all things an interpreter. There are many violinists of greater scope so far as mechanical effects are concerned, than I am. I feel everything I do, and I lose sight of everything but the thought that was in the composer's mind as I play. Take the "Mocking-bird," for instance. I feel that I am in a forest and reproduce the effects I have heard there which the author of the piece wishes to produce upon others. Hence, I interpret his mood. I take his written motive and I improvise a thousand wild-wood notes, whistles, calls or sounds that I have heard all attuned to his keynote. I once not only greatly affected an audience by my interpretation of "Rock of Ages," but it converted me from a mental state of unrest and doubt as to religion, to one of assured belief and repose of mind. It was in Brooklyn in Dr. Goodenough's church, and it was crowded. On striking the chords I seemed to go out of myself, and as in a vision I saw a heavenly host of sweet singers, and heard great organs, horns and harps all attuned in perfect harmony, each one distinctly articulate to my wondering sense; and in the midst of the radiant presence of the Divine Master. The tears flowed down my cheeks as I played, and on conclusion I saw that the vast audience were also swayed by a wave of emotion. I had touched my own heart so deeply that theirs responded, and on going behind the scenes I found Dr. Talmage, Dr. Abbott, and Dr. Goodenough all shedding tears. Dr. Talmage said to me: 'What power have you got over that violin to make it say what no other thing ever did for us?'

"Tell me something of your relations with Ole Bull?"

"I first met him in Hartford, Conn., where I went with my father, who was a musician, to play in a concert. Ole Bull heard me with a kind of rapturous appreciation I had never seen in any one before. He at once adopted me as his pupil. I was an interpreter like himself, he said, and while I at no period spent much time with him, he was always my teacher when we met. I look upon him as my great master in art. We both were touched in our imagination by the music we played. I like to take some simple air that everybody knows, and then to make it say all a song can of life—love, longing, disappointment, sorrow, and then back to hope, joy, or exultation; or, it may be, ending in the softest and sweetest of far away strains. But that all sounds so different from the way I feel it. I never can turn myself inside out for inspection, for I improve so spontaneously that it is difficult to tell how I produce some of my best effects. But when I do not feel them neither does my audience. The appreciation of an audience touches my heart. A musician that is not sensitively responsive is an utter impossibility. I practice best alone, away from all distracting sound or care—even out in the woods is better than in a crowd." E. L. S.

Successful Production of "Fanchon."

A small but appreciative audience witnessed the production of "Fanchon" by the "Bohemians" Thursday evening at the Academy of Music. The play was an artistic success. Of Eugene Eberle, Mrs. Jean Lockwood, and Mrs. Helen A. Engle little need be said, for their ability is well known in this and many other cities. Mrs. Lockwood as *Old Fanchon*, the witch, is unsurpassed. Messrs. Fritz Foster and Alfred Barker as the twins deserve more than passing mention. Julia Lockwood as *Mother Barbaud* was excellent. Not less deserving was the *Maiden* of Miss Stella Fisher. A beautiful feature of the evening was the "May Pole Dance," which was gracefully danced by the following young people: Misses Costell, C. Ulke, F. Ulke, S. Fisher, and Mrs. Engle; Messrs. Forster, Burchard, Conly, McCoy, and Altrutt. The dancers not only did themselves credit, but also Mr. Eberle, the manager. A novel feature was the lady ushers, dressed all in white, with badges bearing the inscription, "Memorial."

Royal Blue Line to Atlantic City.

The only double-track route to the sea is via the Baltimore and Ohio and Reading Railroads. Special fast express from Baltimore and Ohio station, Saturday, July 25, at 4 p. m. All Saturday night and Sunday at the shore. \$3.50 round trip. Special train will leave Atlantic City on return trip at 6 p. m., Sunday, but tickets will also be good on regular trains returning Monday.